

rotten literature, the vile, disgusting, polluting trash of the day. Far from it; but are they not infinitely more dangerous? Wherefore? Many articles in these popular works are of an elevated character, highly commendable, contain valuable precepts, good theology, strains of ardent piety, correct 'portraits of living ministers,' &c.; while the larger portion of them is made up of romance and romantic local tales, imaginary scenes, transporting the reader into an ideal world, gradually and imperceptibly vitiating the mental taste, relaxing the grasp on the pure, the holy, the infinite! The mind is thus prepared for stronger meat, larger and deeper draughts of the impure and visionary. The snare is concealed, the sweet is mingled with the bitter. Here the danger, here lies the serpent coiled. Beloved, the path is smooth and slippery. These steps also take hold on hell. Once taken, we are gone; gone! *forever* gone! How is it with the intoxicating bowl? Do we most fear the brothel, the low, dirty, filthy grogshop, where bloated cheeks, greasy pates, and red noses congregate? where, nightly, oaths and blasphemies ring? Will our amiable youths enter these hell of hells? Nay, but the genteel restaurant, the popular hotel, where sit the polished decanters of cordials, the sparkling, tempting wines. Drunkard-making commences in the fashionable circle of honor and polite etiquette. So with novel reading: Satan is 'moveable.'

Satan was the first author of novels, and his followers have been quite successful in carrying out the principles of his school. It was he who first addressed the imagination and passions of Eve in the garden of paradise; and was it not a deceptive and unfounded tale that 'brought death into our world, and all our woe?'—*David Newton, Ed. 'Golden Rule.'*

TRUE GENTILITY.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself, in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate; not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen, I trust, are to be found; and many more would be, were the true meaning of the name borne in mind, and duly inculcated. But, alas! we are misled by etymology; and because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, people seem to fancy they shall lose character unless they act as Gentiles.—*Guesses at Truth.*